

THE

53

# PHANATICK

## Anatomized:

OR, A

## CONFERENCE

BETWEEN

Two Loyall Subjects, a Doctor, a  
*Surgion, and a Disloyal Phanatick.*

With some notable Passages betwixt  
them, by way of Discourse touching those Stately Fabricks  
erected by the Citizens of *London*, against the Pro-  
ceedings through the said City on *Munday*  
the 22 of *April*, being the day be-  
fore the Coronation of the,  
High and Mighty

### KING CHARLES II.

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LONDON,

Printed for J. Jones and are to be sold at the *Royal Exchange*  
in *Corn-hill*. 1661.

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## Phanatick Anatomiz'd

*Dr.* **W**ellcome honest *Surgion*, What's the matter now?

*Surg. Doctor* I have done my Duty, and that according to your appointment, but the Medicine prescribed, is too strong a potion for so rotten a Patient. Oh Doctor it falls asunder, it cannot hold. What's the Cause Doctor?

*Doct.* Truly I think there are Causes and casualties enow.

*Phan.* Truly I am afraid the Causes are by mine own procurement What think you Doctor.

*Doct.* In good Sooth it seems to be all self-interest, mixed with Murder, Treason, Rebellion, Villany, and inveterate mallice, which would have been destructive to the whole Kingdom, had it gone on in the vain it was running; what say you *Surgion*?

*Surg.* I leave it wholly to you Doctor, but I will tell you my mind, if I may be so bold; certainly if this Cause had had its will; we should never have come to so happy a settlement as we are now like to enjoy; for I am confident, if this Phanatick interest had endured but a little longer, we should have been so far from settlement, that utter ruin would have been the portion of all loyall Subjects, For the chief change that these aimed at was the Magstrates and Ministers that thereby they might have all in their own hands, having ruined those two Pillers or Hinges on which Hanges our settlement.

*Doct.* *Surgion* I think you and I agree pretty well in our Opinions; O blessed God, what a happy appearance of settlement is in this Kingdom, I pray God Continue it, that no more such self interest may bear sway as it hath done.

*Surg.* Amen.



*Phan.* O Doctor, what shall I do, I think my heart will break, because now I am like to ly in the dust, whereas I was like to be the greatest man in the Nation.

*Dott.* You must remember that it was your own exaltation, and consider who it was that called you to these places of honour, and dignity, for selfe-exaltation, is much contrary to the mind and will of God, and therefore how could you expect ever to have a blessing from God, or helpe from man.

*Phan.* O Doctor! I can see nothing but ruin and destruction, which is approaching, and that very near to both my estate and honour, for I shall never be so great a man as I was, I much feare: and how shall I submit to come from so high a degree, of honour, to be so low.

*Dott.* Ah poor Phanatick! dost thou grieve so much at thine own approaching miseries, truly I pittie thee not at all, I had rather thou shouldst suffer, then three Kingdoms, be undone, the old proverb is, that set a begger on Horse-back and he will ride to the devill, and I thinke you are the true verifier of this proverb, what say you *Surg.*

*Surg.* I still agree with you Doctor in this, for I say, the Devil go with them, I pittie them not seeing they went to undo the three Kingdoms, and all to make themselves great.

*Phan.* Doctor, pray tell me, Can you see nothing that is good in my cause, by which I may recover my former happiness after this my affliction?

*Dott.* Noe truely; I did not expect to see any thing there, that had the least appearance of God, For any man might see and judge from your outward parts, that your cause was very bad, and had nothing of stabilitie on it and I see much more badness in it than was visible to outward view.

*Phan.* O what shall I doe Doctor, now I am worse than I was before?

*Dott.* Truely you have cause enough to be worse than you are, if you were but sensible of your condition, for I see nothing in you that makes at all for your oecovery,

*Phan.* What still worse and worse, O I shall faint! What shall I do?

*Surg.* The devill goe with you that is it I desire: I would have

have you faint, for be it far from me that ever I should wish for you to regain your unjust honour.

*Phan.* Is my cause so bad that there is nothing of stability to be found in it.

*Doct.* So far as I have seen thy braines there is nothing but vain visions and a crack, thou wert deluded with apprehensions, which stricke at nothing but the utter destruction, and ruine of this Kingdom so long as you had power, and I believe your heart's as good still, but alas poore Phanatick, Where is thy power?

*Phan.* This is sad news indeed, and very sad news Docter.

*Doct.* Sad news doe you call it, it may be, it may be sad news to you, but is good news to me and I believe to all the Nation, What say you Surgeon?

*Surg.* O Doctör by this I see, that a Phanaticks cause is of no valde, its not worth a F--- it was impossible to hold long, and now because 'tis gone and past recovery, let *England* re-joice O let it rejoyce!

*Phan.* Then it seems 'tis well for you that its thus gone Doct.

*Doct.* Well, yes so it is well and it is a happy time for *England* that God hath thus appeared, in a time of want.

*Phan.* A las Docter! I thought that my cause had been good because I went on so currantly, and had gotten so much, and so high in so little time unmolested.

*Doct.* Ah poor Phanatick, thou wert much mistaken, for the Proverb says, *He that wins at first shall lose at last*: so I hope you have lost at last, that you'll never regain it.

*S.* Lost, in good sooth no more but what they had from others by robbery and murder; but since Knaves are fallen out, no doubt but honest men will enjoy their own.

*Phan.* Docter, my thoughts were, I went on so finely and fed so deliciously every day, that I little expected a fall, now Sir, what shall I do to get into my former ordinary condition?

*Doct.* Remember that sweet meet must have sowre sawce, and so must you, I hope to see you higher yet by the head, that you may be elevated from a Tub to a tree, there to make your Funerall Sermon, with a confession of the horrid villanies and bloody murders committed by you and the rest of your Diabolical Faction upon many of his Majesties liege people.

*Phan.*

*Phan.* Then it seems my cause is sick of a desperate Disease.

*Doct.* Yes it is so, and past recovery.

*Surg.* Phanatick being thou seest thy self in the saddle, now thou art like to fall whether you will or no?

*Phan.* Must I fall then, and be content *volens volens*?

*Doct.* Patience upon force is a Medicine for a mad dog, and thou shalt be content for thy brains are only a distracted lump.

*Phan.* What shall I do, worse and worse still, speak no more to me; you have told me so much already, that I shall soon be driven to despair.

*Doct.* I must never let a knave go unpunished. What say you *Surgion*?

*Surg.* I do give my consent freely.

*Phan.* Truly Doctor I had more need of a Cordial, to cherish my fainting spirits, then to have more aggravations to make me worse.

*Doct.* Yes, yes, I shall give you a Cordial with a P--- to you which shall cure you of all Diseases, or at least if I do not, I will send one that will?

*Phan.* O Doct. I fear I am so far gone there's no recovery.

*Doct.* There is but one way, and that's only by letting thee blood, let him blood *Surgion*.

*Surg.* I will, but if I let him blood, it shall be in the neck yaine, will not that do well Doctor?

*Doct.* Yes, yes very well, for that is the only expedient for his present malady, for a desperate wound must have a desperate cure.

*Phan.* I am afraid to bleed, I have bleed too much already, in so much that I can hardly keep life and soul together.

*Doct.* Ah! truly, I think thy condition is so bad now, that I believe there was never any goodness dwelt in you.

*Phan.* And I am so far spent with grief that I am not able to bear with the losse of my blood, therefore pray forbear.

*Surg.* Chuse, for truly I am very unwilling to wash my hands in a Knave's blood.

*Phan.* But Doctor, is there no hope left for me. I would fain be meddling, for it dos cut me to the heart to see men live so well on their Estates, and my self to have no share.

*Doct.*



*Doct.* I told thee: what thou wast before, but now thou hast unbowel'd thy self and declar'd thy whole mind, this is that I expected, how say you Surgion did not you expect the same?

*Surg.* Yes indeed, for I supposed he aimed at other mens Estates all along.

*Phan.* What dos pangs of troubles still grow more and more, is there no help for me, what shall I do?

*Doct.* O you are worse then you know, for your cause stinks, Foh, foh, how shall I come near?

*Surg.* In troth here is a noisome loathsome stinke, it is rotten, it falls asunder, it is broken all to pieces.

*Phan.* Oh I shall dy! how shall I endure to fall from a Crown to a dunghill?

*Dr.* You have Rul'd too long already. I tell you all your desires of honour and self-interest cannot recover you, You shall never be able to rise again.

*Phan.* Is there no help then for a poor *Phanatick* that is ready to perish for want of honour?

*Doct.* O yes, I will hold your head till your heart breaks, if that will do you good, I'll pleasure you therein, it being all the service I owe you.

*Phan.* O there is a great fall with me! I am utterly undone, I thought I never had enough, but now have nothing left to support me in my worst condition, now I am a derision to all people, and by striving to pull down others have overthrown my self.

*Doct.* This is that we hop'd for, and are glad to see with all our hearts, for you came into power like a Usurper, and so you prove now you are out; What say you Surgion?

*Surg.* Yes indeed *Dr.* what he did was to make Religion a cloak to cover his Knavery, to make people believe that he did all for Gods glory, but it was to advance himself, yet now proud *Lucifer* is fallen, and his *Phanatick* designs are all blasted.

*Doct.* Come Surgion, lets be going, we shall loose the show to day if we stand any longer to discourse with this perverse Rascal.

*Surg.* Doctor I shall attend you.

*Phan.* What great show is that you talk of Doctor.

*Doct.* The stately Fabricks erected by the Citizens against his Majesty passeth through *London* the day before his Coronation.

*Phan.*

*Phan.* How Coronation! then I'me undone, this cuts worse  
than all the rest.

*Doct.* I and except thy trecherous heart turn Loyal, it will  
prove to thee a Disease Epidemicall, though a happy Cure to  
the three Kingdoms.

*Phan.* But Doctor, I have heard much of a General pardon,  
may not I among others have some hopes of indemnity?

*Doct.* You may, provided you take the Oath of Allegiance and  
continue faithful to the end.

*Phan.* But Doctor, how can I swear to be faithful, when my  
heart hath ever been so changeable that I could keep no Vow,  
Protestation, Covenant, Oath or Engagement whatever?

*Doct.* Surgion is there any hopes to cure such a false homicide?

*Surg.* None at all to mend him.

*Doct.* Then I think thy best way to end him, with a prick in  
some fatal Vein or Artery.

*Sur.* I'll do no more, for cure there is no hope

*Except we leave him to a fatall rope.*

*Let Dun's best skill be styl'd the only way*

*To cure Rebels that Kings will not obey.*

*Doct.* Farewel Surgion. *Surg.* Doctor now adieu.

*The skilfulst Artists can't make Rebels true.*

*Doctor and Surgion sing.*

**S***ince General Monck did pull off his Vail,*

*Phanatick glory was all over-cast,*

*And well they may their sad case bewaile*

*For Treason committed by them in times past,*

*Great CHARLES now in Peace doth enjoy his own,*

*Phanatiks a pace do come tumbling down,*

*whilst He in Majesty sits on his Throne.*

*Richly adorned with Englands fair Crown.*

*Let all those curs'd Rebels who sought for his end.*

*Repent of their sins, and now Loyal be,*

*And never more seek a way to offend,*

*So mild and so grac'ous a King as be.*

*And let these three Kingdoms in love rejoyce*

*Together, whilst Bells loud eccho's do Ring,*

*Let each Loyal Subject with chearful voice*

*Cry, God preserve CHARLES the Second our King.*

**FINIS.**